THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF

Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

EDITED BY FRANCIS F. BROWNE | *Volume XLIX. No. 578.* | CHICAGO, JULY 16, 1910. | *10 cts. a copy. $2. a year.* | FINE ARTS BUILDING 203 Michigan Blvd.

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Published by **THE MACMILLAN COMPANY** 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 578. JULY 16, 1910. *Vol. XLIX.*

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THE MYSTERY OF CULTURE.

In a recent volume of essays which he calls "Academic Performances," Professor Barrett Wendell makes some striking observations on "The Mystery of Education." He refers to the notion common with those who have never been to college, that the four years spent there teach something positive — the command of foreign languages, for instance, the appreciation of fine arts, thorough acquaintance with literature, familiarity with science, or preëminent skill in some branch of activity. But, alas, he confesses:

> "We graduates of colleges have the sad misfortune to know better. Few of us, for example, who have studied French or German for years, can pretend to use a text-book in either language — far less turn to the literature of either, as a matter of pleasure. Hardly one of us, unaided by translation, can make much sense out of a page of Latin or of Greek. Very few could tell you off-hand the century in which Herodotus wrote or Cicero, could distinguish between St. Gregory and Hildebrand, could give a clear account of Lady Jane Grey, could name the Presidents of the United States, could explain why no one who understands Elizabethan literature has ever supposed that the author of Bacon's Essays wrote 'Hamlet' and 'The Tempest,' or could expound the principles of Descartes, of Locke, or of John Stuart Mill."

This failure on the part of the college to place its graduates in possession of something hard and fast seems to have made a deep impression on one of Professor Wendell's students, who, on acquiring an encyclopædia and noting within what moderate compass it claimed to have embraced all human knowledge, conceived the idea of mastering his encyclopædia, from A to Z, and of then seeking a professorship of universal knowledge and of sending forth his pupils with definite, positive, and complete acquisitions that should justify the years spent in their pursuit.

Not less misguided than this young enthusiast for positive knowledge are those who imagine culture to be something definitely attainable by following a prescribed course. On the contrary, as Dr. Furness assured the graduating class at the University of Pennsylvania a few years ago, culture is not a result, but a process. Culture sought as an end is an odious thing. True culture, says Emerson, avoiding the finality of precise definition, "is the suggestion from cer-

tain best thoughts, that a man has a range of affinities, through which he can modulate the violence of any master-tones that have a droning preponderance in his scale, and succor him against himself. Culture redresses his balance, puts him among his equals and superiors, revives the delicious sense of sympathy, and warns him of the dangers of solitude and repulsion." It is, one might add, very much like happiness,— unattainable by conscious effort, and furthest from us at the very moment we exclaim that we have grasped it.

Unmistakable to the discerning eye, however, are the marks of culture in others. Reference was made above to Dr. Furness's commencement address at Philadelphia. It was on the subject of culture, and its tone and spirit most admirably illustrated its theme. Excellent as were the thoughts expressed, the manner of their expression was even better. Let us quote a few sentences. Emphasizing the truth that culture is not a profound and exhaustive thing, but in its very nature superficial, the speaker said:

"When the whole science of electricity was comprised in the solitary fact that if amber be rubbed it attracts straws; when all that astronomy revealed was that stars were exhalations which the rising sun dispersed; when in all chemistry there were but four elements, — earth, air, fire, and water; and when no music was heard more ravishing than that extracted from three strings stretched across a tortoise shell, or than the breath blown through a reed, — then, in that happy golden age, every man was an encyclopædia, and culture, thorough and profound, might be acquired in an hour, — then any child could pluck up the whole tree of knowledge by the roots. But we have changed all that; we are now the heirs of forty centuries, and the heaven-high Sequoias of Mariposa only very faintly symbolize the gigantic proportions of the same present tree of knowledge, and the concentrated devotion of a lifetime is demanded for a thorough mastery of a single tiny twig."

It should be noted, in passing, that the speaker, far from making culture to consist in a smattering of all knowledge, insists on the necessity of thoroughness in some one chosen department. "Know everything of something, and something of everything." But in other regions, "because we cannot distinguish all the varieties of *Solidago*, must we forego," he asks, "the charm of recognizing Goldenrod when it transforms an autumn meadow into a field of the cloth of gold? Because we cannot expound the theories of the binary stars, are we to forbear to name the constellations of the midnight sky? Shall we close our Homer because we cannot name the ships that went to Troy? A little knowledge is *not* a dangerous thing. If I cannot, for lack of time, drink deep of the Pierian spring, let me, in heaven's name, at least take a sip." The office of poetry in conferring culture is dwelt upon, and, of course, Shakespeare, "Emperor, by the Grace of God, of all Literature," is properly commended to the seeker of culture.

These words from Dr. Furness are here quoted, not because they make clear exactly what this mysterious thing called culture really is — which no words can make clear — but because they and the utterances of others on the subject throw some side-lights and help us to see at least what culture is not. Emerson, writing on culture fifty years ago, ranges far and wide, after his usual manner; and his latitude is in entire harmony with the breadth of that culture which he sought to describe and which he himself exemplified. In hearty agreement, beforehand, with the sentiments expressed by our Shakespearian scholar, he says: "I am always happy to meet persons who perceive the transcendent superiority of Shakespeare over all other writers"; and further: "I like people who like Plato, because this love does not consist with self-conceit." Again, with the most liberal interpretation of the meaning of culture, he speaks of it as opening the sense of beauty, and adds: "I suffer every day from the want of perception of beauty in people. They do not know the charm with which all moments and objects can be embellished, — the charm of manners, of self-command, of benevolence. Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman, — repose in energy." He finally sums up the whole matter by declaring that "a cheerful and intelligent face is the end of culture, and success enough."

Matthew Arnold has a large and worthy conception of culture in asserting it to be "the disinterested pursuit of perfection." The end here is certainly sufficiently unattainable to suit the most ardent idealist. Not quite so good is his other and probably better-known definition of culture as "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit." The best that has been known and said is not at all times the easiest thing to determine; and even if it were, a mere book-worm of good memory could master it without necessarily becoming thereby a person of culture.

John Addington Symonds, while asserting that culture is not an end in itself, but that it "prepares man for life, for work, for action, for the reception and emission of ideas," yet makes it something a little too definite, too attainable,

one might say, in describing it as "the raising of previously educated intellectual faculties to their highest potency by the conscious effort of their possessors." Better is his shorter and less precise definition, "self-effectuation," or the arrival at what the Germans call *Selbständigkeit* — except that here too we have a result rather than a process. A later passage has more of suggestion and enlightenment; it identifies culture with "a psychical state, so to speak, which may be acquired by sympathetic and assimilative study." By a rather unexpected concession from this eminent humanist, humanism and also science are named as the "two principal methods for arriving at the ends involved in culture." But it is soon added that if, as Pope asserts, "the proper study of mankind is man," then humanism must always hold the first place in the higher intellectual culture.

Curious and perplexing are the relations of culture to genius and of genius to culture. Talent and culture naturally consort with each other, but genius is impatient of all rules and limitations. Burns and Turner and Walt Whitman were hardly men of culture, perhaps because they were so much more. Goethe and Heine, Dante and Petrarch and Tasso, Milton and Keats, were all cultured men of genius. To Shakespeare it would be absurd to deny culture, and it would be scarcely less absurd, or at least it would be feeble and pointless, to ascribe it to him. "Genius does what it must, but talent does what it can," is the one memorable line in the works of a poet not otherwise memorable. Self-effectuation by conscious effort is not what we see in the manifestations of genius. Self-suppression is what would require the conscious effort. It is the innate, the involuntary, the compelling, the something independent of culture and defiant of law and custom, that startles the world and forces it to stand still and admire. Nothing has it to do with that culture which, entering into the life of the specialist absorbed in the study of tadpoles or of Jupiter's moons, teaches him his and their true relations to the universe.

It is safer, and more likely to profit us, to make our conception of culture too generous, too inclusive, too vague even, than to form it on too narrow and inflexible lines. The definitions and general descriptions found in the authors cited above, and in others, are collectively not unsatisfying; but no one formula seems to cover all that is meant by culture. Probably no formula satisfactory to all could ever be framed. Possibly it may suffice for the present to conceive of the essence of culture as lying in that intellectual and emotional awakening that comes with wider knowledge and deeper insight, and that is promoted by the study of the best in literature and art.

CASUAL COMMENT.

The death of Chief Justice Fuller reminds us a little sadly of the fast decreasing number of those who were contributors to The Dial in its earlier years. Mr. Fuller — or "Mel" Fuller, as his friends knew him then — was a great reader of books of all sorts, and an excellent reviewer of them. He did not disdain the novel; and his first contribution to The Dial (Jan. 1, 1881) was a four-column review of Disraeli's "Endymion," which had then just appeared. It was one of the "best sellers" of its day — largely because, as the reviewer said, it was "the work of a Prime Minister of England." The novel fails, we are told, in "the only real test of the merit of a production like this" — in anything like a masterly delineation of character; and the summing up is that "upon the whole, the Earl of Beaconsfield must depend for posthumous fame upon something else than his novels" — an opinion which time has pretty well approved. Mr. Fuller was especially fond of biography, and contributed to an early number of The Dial an extended review of the life of General Hancock, a character whom Mr. Fuller greatly admired, not only as a gallant soldier but because of his "profound sense of the importance of subordinating the military to the civil authority," and his "deep conviction of the utility of the peaceful methods of civil government." "Paternalism, with its constant intermeddling with individual freedom, has no place in a system which rests upon the self-reliant energies of the people," was the democratic utterance of the future Chief Justice. Others of Mr. Fuller's biographical writings were on John Quincy Adams (The Dial, April 1, 1882) and on Jefferson and Hamilton (May 1, 1883). Readers of the present day might find entertainment in Mr. Fuller's eight-column review of a life of Benton by Theodore Roosevelt (May 1, 1887), in which the reviewer finds that "Mr. Roosevelt holds the pen of a ready writer, and has a mind definitely made up as to public men and measures of the period under consideration." A peculiar interest attaches to an article on Chief Justice Marshall (The Dial, May 1, 1885), of whom Mr. Fuller said: "In mere juridical learning he has been surpassed by some, but in the power of pure reason by none." An illustration of Mr. Fuller's highly devout nature is revealed in this passage: "Numerous personal incidents are narrated in illustration of the simplicity of his [Marshall's] character; but there is none more striking than the fact that the head of the most powerful tribunal on earth never retired to rest without repeating the Lord's Prayer and the lines

commencing 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' As the years pass, the fame of this great man continues to shine with undiminished lustre, and so will continue until the firmament from whence beam the glories of Tribonian and D'Aguesseau, of Hale and Mansfield, is rolled together like a scroll." And these words were penned but three years before Mr. Fuller stepped from private life to occupy the position of the illustrious jurist of whom he wrote.

. . .

THE ANNUAL OVERHAULING OF OUR EDUCATIONAL METHODS has been going on in Boston, with teachers reckoned by the tens of thousands from all parts of the country in attendance. As is usual on such occasions, there has been much criticism of the existing order, much attempt to tear down, and some worthy endeavor to build up. Outspoken censure of the Carnegie Foundation as "one of the biggest monopolies in education that ever existed" was heard at one meeting; at another, college men were pronounced incompetent for practical work as compared with high-school graduates, the colleges having become rather social and sporting clubs than training schools; and, again, colleges and universities were declared to be usurping the functions of the normal school, functions that they are not qualified or intended to perform. In a discussion concerning the teaching of English, one speaker found fault with the material placed before the pupil as too remote, not of present and living interest, and urged the study of authors more likely to rivet the young reader's attention. Perhaps there is danger here of conceding too much to the pupil's intellectual laziness. Those instructors in English who use in their classes current clippings from the newspapers, instead of Goldsmith and Burke and Charles Lamb and Walter Scott, for serious study and discussion, may succeed in arousing the pupil's interest; but whether it is an interest that is worth arousing, or the highest and best sort of interest that can be aroused, are open to serious question. The most notable incident of the Boston meeting was the choice of Mrs. Young of Chicago for President — the first time a woman has ever been President of the National Education Association.

. . .

THE KING AND THE MAN OF LETTERS are both human beings, and one likes to see them meet occasionally on that common footing of humanity. Mr. Arthur C. Benson adds a bit of personal reminiscence to his graceful tribute to King Edward the Third, in the June "Cornhill." "I came away," he says, "from an interview with the King at Buckingham Palace, in which he had spoken to me very warmly and graciously of the Letters of Queen Victoria. When I came out, an Equerry, with whom I was acquainted, was waiting for me. 'Well,' he said, 'how did you fare?' I said the only words which came into my mind: 'The King was very kind.' 'He always is,' said the Equerry, with a smile. That was the simple secret — an invariable and genuine kindness, which streamed from the King like light from the sun." And further praise of his gentle dignity and great charm follows. Compare with this Boswell's account of Johnson's memorable interview with George the Third in the Queen's Library at Buckingham House — on the site of the present Buckingham Palace where Mr. Benson had his interview. "After the King withdrew," writes Boswell, "Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard [the librarian], 'Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have seen.' And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton, 'Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Lewis the Fourteenth or Charles the Second.'" Again, with pleasing frankness, he assured Sir Joshua Reynolds, "I find it does one good to be talked to by his Sovereign" — although Johnson, as he himself admits, did the greater part of the talking. Mr. Benson and Johnson agree in finding the near presence of royalty stimulating and genial.

. . .

UTILITARIAN SUBSTITUTES FOR POLITE LEARNING, in our colleges and universities, are so rapidly crowding Plato and Aristotle, Homer and Virgil, Thucydides and Tacitus, into the background, that in a few more decades it will be a marvel to find a bachelor of arts who has ever even heard, for example, of the Peripatetic School, or who can tell, off-hand, who wrote the "Agricola," and whether the same pen produced the "Jugurtha." At this season there are appearing sundry interesting announcements of new and never-before-imagined courses of study for the coming college year. The University of Wisconsin, for instance, will henceforth give instruction in "wood technology" to those yearning for a closer acquaintance with the chemical composition and physical properties of beech, birch, and maple, and other members of the tree family. At the University of Rochester, Mr. Howard T. Mosher will in the autumn take his seat in the brand-new chair of "citizenship" and proceed to teach the principles of sanitation, fire protection, police administration, school systems, water works, care of streets, and much else that relates to municipal or village life. It is to be noted that the new course does not promise to make good citizens of all those who pursue it, good citizenship like good morals being far less a thing of theory than of practice.

. . .

A SUPERFLUOUS YARD OF PUBLIC-LIBRARY RED TAPE still remains, in some places, for reform and common-sense to cut away. In connection with the recent action of the librarian and trustees of the Chicago Public Library in deciding upon a partial adoption of the open-shelf system, a word may be said regarding one of the reasons commonly urged in favor of that system as against the old one of gratings and bars and strict formality of procedure. The applicant for a book, judging of its nature and contents merely from a brief catalogue entry, often has

delivered to him a volume entirely failing to meet his wants or equal his expectations; but the rules forbid the loan and return of a book on the same day, hence the disappointing thing must be lugged home and brought back again the next day, or later, when a fresh trial, perhaps equally unsatisfactory, is made. Therefore the extreme desirability of free access to the books themselves. But if, as many librarians claim, thefts and misplacements and hard usage render the open-shelf system inadvisable, at least let the stupid and arbitrary rule governing the return of books be abolished. To be sure, it makes a little more work to have a book handed back before the record of its loan has been properly filed; but what of that? It is easy enough to register the return on a special slip and lay it aside until the next day, when everything can be made straight in the fraction of a minute. Some libraries, probably many, have adopted some such plan. But we and doubtless many of our readers know to our sorrow that not all of the closed-shelf class have yet shown this amount of sweet reasonableness in smoothing the path of the book-borrower.

* * *

THE IDENTITY OF "GEORGE MEEK" now constitutes a "question of the hour" in literary London, and is turning gray the hair of the public-library cataloguer, who is torn with conflicting impulses whether to class the already famous "George Meek, Bath Chair-Man, by Himself" with biography under "Meek" or with fiction under "Wells." Certain chapters of the book, reinforced by certain passages of Mr. Wells's Introduction, almost persuade the cataloguer that the book is a genuine "human document"; and then again certain other features of it almost demonstrate its utter fictitiousness and fraudulence. The fact that "George Meek" is writing to the newspapers in vehement asseveration of his flesh-and-blood reality, and of his veritable authorship of his own autobiography, weighs little one way or the other; it is easy enough to write fraudulent letters to the newspapers, after having once perpetrated the fraud to which they refer. And it would be easy enough, again, to write further letters vindicating the authorship of the first series, and so on *ad infinitum*, or at least to the end of the writer's finite existence in this world of pens and ink and of hoaxes and humbugs.

* * *

THE WANDERINGS OF SABRINA, better known in certain college circles as the protecting divinity of the even-year classes at Amherst than as the nymph of the river Severn (Latin *Sabrina*), have been chronicled in a book that seems deserving of a place among the best of American student publications. To those who know not Sabrina, any handbook of classical mythology will give her pathetic history. Milton has honored her with brief mention in his "Comus." But it was left to Mr. Max Shoop, the goddess's guardian for the class of 1910, to prepare the most detailed and variously interesting account of the lovely maiden in his "Sabrina: the Class Goddess of Amherst College," which is published at Amherst by Mr. Shoop himself. The bronze (or zinc) statue which, to be honest, is the real subject of this truthful history, is a replica of the Shrewsbury representation of Sabrina, and was given to Amherst College in 1857 by Col. Joel Hayden of Haydenville, lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts from 1863 to 1866. The goddess's trying experience on the college campus, and her subsequent many wanderings after the higher powers had refused longer to sanction her presence there, can readily be imagined to furnish material for the literary exercise of collegiate wit and wisdom. The much-travelled divinity was reposing in a fishing hamlet on the Maine coast when Mr. Shoop's book went to press, but was about to start on a journey for parts unknown, to escape the profane gaze and rude touch of odd-year collegians in hot pursuit of her.

* * *

THE ELIMINATION OF THE REDUNDANT has been the passion of some of the greatest writers. Flaubert, in seeking ever to clothe his thought in just the right words, with not a shade too much or too little of emphasis, attained to something like perfection in exactly fitting the expression to the idea. Cut his sentences and they bleed, such is the vitality of his style. Jules Renard, the French poet, novelist, essayist, and playwright, who has just died at forty-six, is said to have studied simplicity and brevity of style with an enthusiasm amounting almost to mania. "I would rather," he declared, "write a short story than a novel, I would rather write a paragraph than a short story, a sentence than a paragraph. I like to rewrite a sentence twenty times in order to give it the precise form that best fits it." This passion for restraint and economy in literary style, while it sometimes betrays one into mannerisms and affectations, recalls the excellent saying of the Hindu pundit: "A wise man rejoices more over the saving of a syllable than over the birth of a son."

* * *

DISTRACTIONS FROM THE SERIOUS PURSUIT OF FICTION are in certain quarters making notable inroads on the public-library records of circulation. At Dubuque, Iowa, for instance, 9671 fewer novels were loaned in 1909 than in 1908, the circulation in other departments of literature remaining about the same. Certain Massachusetts libraries, too, have reported a slight decrease in circulation for the past year, and the suggestion has been offered that possibly the moving-picture show is responsible. If it is found that only fiction is being thus slighted by the public, the lessened circulation need not be regarded with unmixed regret. Out-door pastimes, notably golf and automobiling, to say nothing of ballooning and aviation, are in the ascendant, and are to be encouraged. The more serious reading of the scholar, the writer, the literary club member, and others to whom the world of letters is far wider than the domain of English prose fiction, is not likely to be materially lessened by any feverish enthusiasm for base-ball or other passing amusement.

The New Books.

A Galahad of the Market-Place.*

Those who knew William Henry Baldwin, Jr., in his lifetime, or who even met him but casually, can never forget the charm of his personality or the beauty and strength of his character. Those who had not the good fortune to know him personally can yet frame for themselves, out of the record of his manifold activities and interests and noble enthusiasms, some fairly accurate conception of him as he lived and moved among his fellows during the much too short span of life allotted to him. The careful chronicle of his brilliant achievements prepared by Professor John Graham Brooks, with the title "An American Citizen," must appeal to all readers concerned with questions of social welfare and interested in the lives of those who have generously devoted themselves to the public good.

The life of Baldwin as told by his biographer goes far toward disproving the common assertion that no man can play the game in the "big business" of the world, and win, without loss of moral integrity. The late president of the Long Island Railroad, and director or officer in thirty-seven other important business corporations, held himself always ready, in spite of his unfailing success as a captain of industry, and in spite of the public service he was able to render in that capacity, to relinquish his post and devote all his energies to the numerous philanthropic causes that already claimed so much of his time and strength, if it appeared that his continuance in business was morally detrimental to himself or others. But he remained ever "the Galahad of the market-place," as Dr. Felix Adler called him; "the uncorrupted knight," as Dr. Slicer expressed it.

William Henry Baldwin, Jr., was born in Boston, February 5, 1863, being sixth of the nine children of William Henry and Mary F. A. (Chaffee) Baldwin. The father, whose death last year fell within a few days of that of his lifelong friend Edward Everett Hale, abandoned money-making for philanthropy, becoming the first president of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and repeatedly refusing the most tempting inducements to devote his great abilities to the pursuit of gain. With such an example of unselfish consecration to the service of others, it is not strange that the son, after completing his education at Harvard, looked searchingly about for some good work to which to put his hand. The various professions, and especially that of the preacher, were successively thought of as possible gateways to a life of the largest usefulness; but none seemed quite satisfactory to the young man, although he did spend a few months in the Harvard Law School before accepting Mr. Charles Francis Adams's offer of a humble position in the Union Pacific Railroad offices. His subsequent work in establishing reading-rooms and libraries for the railway hands, his rapid advance to higher and higher posts and increasing responsibilities, his management of the Montana Union Railroad, of the Flint and Père Marquette, and of the Southern, and his presidency of the Long Island road, constitute an enviable record of early-developed and speedily-enlarged executive capacity in a most exacting department of business — a record nowhere stained with the least suggestion of dishonorable deed or intention.

Concerning the difficulties confronting the young and determinedly honest railroad manager in those early days at Butte, we read in Professor Brooks's pages:

> "In the getting of new business, especially in filling his freight cars, he meets the familiar spectre of petty briberies. He finds his rivals distributing 'favors' to those who have it in their power to decide where freight shall go. He learns that these men are often 'shown the town' by his competitors; that he too is expected to make provision for the display of dreary vices at expensive rates. With bald effrontery these practices have been such a part of the competitive system as to rank among the commonplace necessities of business enterprise. They have taken innumerable shapes, from mere 'seeing the town' with charged-up revelries in local dives, to the politer forms of gift and entertainment which soften and conceal the bribe through flattering indirection."

Baldwin's way of facing such situations, of which he had a plenty to face in his nearly twenty years' experience of railroading, may be illustrated by his manner of attacking this first hard problem. Writing from Butte to a trusted friend, he said:

> "When I came to Butte, I had the toughest job to tackle on the U. P. — as railroad men said, an unenviable position. I was told that I would have to be a champion liar and become a veritable 'bum' in order to secure any business. I gave orders at once, however, that all business from my office must be done on an honorable basis, and that any statement made must be the truth. I decided to work the opposite of the game played by many of my competitors, and have business men feel that honor and fair treatment were our motto. . . . We had almost no friends, and the bitterest opposition; and it has been the worst up-hill work."

*An American Citizen. The Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

But he is able to write later that his plan has proved successful and that he can win the game and still keep his self-respect. "I am not a sentimentalist, quite the opposite," he declares on another occasion; "but every day makes me more and more convinced that I can carry out my ideals which grew out of my life with you and a few of our common friends." Added to the perfect squareness of his dealings was a remarkable ability to get along smoothly with associates and subordinates. Those under him admired and respected him, and also felt a cordial liking for him; hence they obeyed his orders and were always ready to listen to him when differences had to be adjusted to prevent a strike or other serious disturbance. His faculty for conciliating discontented or hostile workmen was notorious, and it became the habit of his superiors to "leave all the rows to Baldwin." It was his transparent honesty and his sense of fair play that prevailed where others would have but wasted their words. When the presidency of the Long Island Railroad was offered him he told the directors that he did not think himself the man they wanted, because he was known to be on the workingman's side and that was not the attitude they would expect in a railroad president. On the contrary, was the reply, that was just the reason they wanted him for president. And when his anti-Tammany activity as chairman of the famous Committee of Fifteen seemed likely to impair his practical usefulness in the great work of securing tunnel and terminal rights in New York for the Pennsylvania and the Long Island Railroads, he had his resignation all ready to send in to the railway officials; in fact, it was sent in, but was refused, as we are glad to note.

Baldwin's work for Tuskegee and for Southern education in general, his exertions for tenement-house reform and for the lessening of the social evil, his service as Smith College trustee and as co-worker in countless good causes, as well as individual doer of many kind deeds unknown to the world, would by themselves fill a volume. Professor Brooks has, naturally enough, chosen to dwell on his efforts and achievements as a broad-minded, far-seeing railroad man, as a student of the race question and an active worker for the improvement of the negro, and as a social reformer conspicuous in the many movements for weeding out the innumerable evils that rankly flourish in the administration of our municipal affairs. With Baldwin as his starting-point and returning-point, the biographer has made numerous excursions into domains familiar to him and inviting enough to the reader, but having little immediate connection with his main theme. For example, the chapters on "Trade-Unions," "Labor and Capital," and "Open or Closed Shop," though excellent and useful, and here and there showing where Baldwin stood in the larger concerns of his calling, do not contribute much toward filling in the portrait which the book is supposed to present of this singularly winning and gifted character. That he was richly endowed with other capabilities than those of a commercial and executive order, is made plain by the following paragraph from his close friend, Dr. Samuel A. Eliot, quoted by Mr. Brooks:

"What sensitiveness to beauty played about his strength! He sunned his soul in music. He could always sing well, and nothing gave him greater pleasure. He never had time for much instruction in music, but he could manage to play somehow on almost any musical instrument. If he had not been a railroad president I think he would have liked to be a church organist. He loved nature and enjoyed the perplexities and trials of a farmer's life. He could talk about soils and crops with the same buoyant enthusiasm as about subways or the great composers. He loved the bright laughter of little children, the flying cloud-shadows on his lawn, and the rush of the surf up the beach."

As a lesson in civic righteousness, Baldwin's life, as told by Mr. Brooks, is most admirable; and the tale is full of warm human interest, despite the social and economic disquisitions which have been interspersed and for which we are not ungrateful. Three portraits are provided: of Baldwin the young college graduate, of Baldwin the man of thirty-six, and of Baldwin as he appeared in his last years. The book, dedicated "to the men and women of America in whose keeping lies the civic and business honor of the nation," is worthy of their careful reading.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

NATURE'S GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK.*

But, looking deep, he saw . . .
How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did hunt
The jewelled butterflies; till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. — *The Light of Asia.*

In the perpetual struggle for existence, the majority must always fail. The birds, butterflies, flowers, which make the countryside gay,

*CONCEALING-COLORATION IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. An Exposition of the Laws of Disguise through Color and Pattern: Being a Summary of Abbott H. Thayer's Discoveries. By Gerald H. Thayer. With an Introductory Essay by A. H. Thayer. New York: The Macmillan Co.

are but a remnant of the multitudes of their generation which came into the world. A simple calculation will demonstrate this, for if all the individuals of even the slowest breeding species were to survive, the world would be overstocked in a short time. In this game of life, with the odds so heavily against the individual, much depends upon success in eluding natural enemies. As the slayer sharpens his wits and claws, so must the slayee contrive new ways to escape him, or all is lost. Yet it is not quite correct to say "contrive," for usually no volition or deliberate intention is involved. It is simply this: through the continual destruction of the more easily detected individuals, in the course of ages, all variability in the direction of inconspicuousness is favored, with a final result which is at once the delight and wonder of anyone who will pay attention to it.

To anyone who has seen a bird hunting insects, it may well seem that all the concealing coloration in nature, wonderful as it is, is really of no account. The robin on the lawn can find grubs enough for a full meal where I saw nothing. The predators get enough to eat, in spite of anything; and what could they more? Then again, some concealing devices are admittedly nearly perfect to our eyes, but what about the lesser degrees of inconspicuousness leading up to them? Would they deceive anything? Would not the animals perish before they attained any sort of success?

In answer to this, it must be recalled, in the first place, that in the long ages past the hunters must have grown in skill, the ability to find and the ability to avoid being found developing in equal measure. In the second place, the important thing, after all, is usually *relative* inconspicuousness. A plate of peaches passed around the table, all of them in full sight, will sometimes illustrate the principle of natural selection. When food is abundant, as is commonly the case, the predator will select, perhaps unconsciously, the more conspicuous, other things being equal. Thus, when there is more than enough to go round, creatures which would be readily detected were they alone will escape amid the multitude of more noticeable or more attractive objects.

The outcome is, that living nature abounds with disguises of every kind; and there is no more fascinating occupation for the naturalist than to hunt these out, as they occur in every woodland or meadow, mountain or desert, and even in the great ocean. For the most part, these things are never seen, and so to many who read Mr. G. H. Thayer's new book on "Concealing-Coloration," there will be opened out a whole new world of wonder and beauty. The book is based primarily on the ideas of Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, who is well known as a skilful artist. In 1896 he published the important generalization which is now known as "Thayer's law," showing that nearly all animals are darker above than beneath, this difference very accurately balancing the amount of illumination. By means of models he made it evident that if animals were merely "colored like their surroundings," they would be conspicuous because of the shaded under parts, but the actual difference of tint produces a nearly uniform effect which makes them "flat" and inconspicuous. This common-sense suggestion was widely and favorably discussed, and it was remarked that it took the eye of an artist to fully appreciate the meaning of color in nature. After this success, Mr. Thayer and his son continued to follow up the subject with enthusiasm, and as a result we have a large and beautifully illustrated book, written by the latter. In the Introduction, it is claimed that this whole subject belongs properly to the artist.

> "The entire matter has been in the hands of the wrong custodians. Appertaining solely to animals, it has naturally been considered part of the zoölogist's province. But it properly belongs to the realm of *pictorial art*, and can be interpreted only by painters. For it deals wholly in optical illusion, and this is the very gist of a painter's life. He is born with a sense of it; and, from his cradle to his grave, his eyes, wherever they turn, are unceasingly at work on it, — and his pictures live by it. What wonder, then, if it was for him alone to discover that the very art he practices is *at full* — beyond the most delicate precision of human powers — on almost all animals?"

The writer of this review, being one of those who are thrown out of court by the terms of this utterance, should perhaps be still; but he will venture a mild protest. Were he an artist like Mr. Thayer, he would be tempted to ask the editor's permission to insert a cartoon representing the new-born infant investigating optical illusion. The truth is, that the painter is trained to view color, form, light and shade, in a particular way; and there is no doubt whatever that he has a special outlook on the world for this reason. It may fairly be suggested, however, that all artists seek harmony and beauty, and are able to find it where others cannot. Is it not possible, therefore, that they sometimes *see too much*, from the standpoint of the present investigation? Predatory animals are not looking for color harmonies, but rather the reverse, and their whole training and point of view must be very different from that of Mr. Thayer.

It would take another book to discuss the facts in detail, but after prolonged consideration I can only conclude that the field is still open for a more critical and scientifically trained investigator. The authors appear to have such absolute faith in their own judgment, and so little regard for any other possible points of view, that they are not in the best position to do scientific work. One is continually reminded of Whistler's remark to Chase: "My dear Colonel, I'm not *arguing* with you: I'm *telling* you!" In consequence they lead us to such extreme views that we are almost ready to believe, by way of reaction, that the whole thing is humbug. Every bird and every animal is assumed to be inconspicuous in its proper surroundings, and if it has any striking patches of color these are said to "cut up" its figure so that it looks like something else. No doubt there is something in this; but placing ourselves in the supposed position of a predator, we find that we are looking continually for something which, according to the hypothesis, we never see. We rather conclude that under the circumstances we should drop the psychological concept of what a bird *ought* to look like (how did we get it?) and begin to attend to actual appearances! Perhaps the climax of our astonishment is reached when we come to some pictures of flamingoes. The red flamingoes match a brilliant red sky, at sunrise or sunset, but the white species with a dash of red matches a white cloud, with a red sunlit one seen against it! In general, in spite of artistic authority to the contrary, we are satisfied that the color-tones in the pictures are far too flat and uniform (*e. g.*, plate xi.). This may be partly due to the method of reproduction, but we are invited to accept them as they stand.

On the whole, it seems to me that the book is unsuited for those who will use it uncritically; but for those who care to study the phenomena it discusses, it will be helpful and instructive, and its very faults may then prove stimulating.

T. D. A. Cockerell.

A Great American Educator.*

Of all recent biographies, one of the most interesting, especially in educational circles, is the Life of Daniel Coit Gilman, prepared by Mr. Fabian Franklin. Mr. Franklin undertook the work at the request of Mrs. Gilman, and himself wrote the last five chapters; while in the first three, dealing with President Gilman's career before the founding of the Johns Hopkins University, he edited chapters contributed respectively by Mr. William C. Gilman, Miss Emily H. Whitney and her sister Miss Margaret D. Whitney, and Professor William Carey Jones of the University of California. The book thus has the unity of a single author's work, and the additional advantage that each period of Dr. Gilman's life is sympathetically presented by one who knew him at the time and could draw upon a rich fund of personal recollection.

President Gilman was preëminently an educational organizer and leader. His thought was often, indeed one might say usually, a generation in advance of the day; but his effort was always practical. The keynote of his whole career is sounded in a letter that he wrote from Berlin, in 1854, when he was still undecided upon any definite course in life.

> "For some things, I rejoice to find that my notions grow more and more definite. For instance, in the desire to act upon the minds of men, to do my part, even though it may be but little, for the elevation and improvement of such society as my lot may be cast in. It seems to me that I care less and less for money and for fame, but I do desire to use what influence I can for the establishment of such ideas as seem to be important and right. Whether this be done by the voice or the pen, or by both, whether in the pulpit or in the college, — in the editor's chair or the office of a common school superintendent, cannot perhaps for many years be decided."

Truly this was an ideal of unusual maturity for a young man of twenty-three, and it was in holding to this ideal of helpful service for more than fifty years that his greatness consisted.

Mr. Gilman was born July 6, 1831, and graduated from Yale in the class of 1852. In December of the following year he and his lifelong friend, Dr. Andrew D. White, sailed for Europe as *attachés* of the United States Legation at St. Petersburg. The next two years were spent partly at the Russian capital, partly in study and travel. In 1855 he returned to New Haven and became assistant librarian, subsequently librarian, at Yale, a position that he held for the next ten years. Prior to 1859 he also acted as school visitor, when his efficient service in introducing the graded system and written examinations in the grammar schools led to the appointment of the first Superintendent of Public Schools in New Haven and the establishment of a high school. These were formative years for the modern system of education, and the ideas he advocated at that time are worth noting. In a pamphlet on "The

*The Life of Daniel Coit Gilman. By Fabian Franklin. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Idea of the Graded School" he not only presented the advantages of the system, but in urging the cultivation of habits of clear thinking and close observation he advocated a more careful study of English and the use of simple geometric figures with elementary drawing. These ideas have in large measure been realized in recent years in all our better schools. Unfortunately, his notion that the cultivation of the voice in speaking is more important than in singing has not as yet found general acceptance.

With the passage of the Morrill Act, Mr. Gilman interested himself in securing its benefits for the Scientific School already established at Yale. He was appointed Professor of Physical Geography in 1863, and for the next nine years proved himself not only an exceptionally inspiring teacher, but in his administrative work as secretary of its faculty he was largely instrumental in securing endowment and so shaping policy that the "step-child" of Yale became the Scheffield Scientific School. It was at this time, partly by force of circumstances, that he worked out the idea of the "group system," an idea that later proved of the utmost value to the universities that he directed and to educational policy in general.

In 1865 Professor Gilman resigned his position as librarian, because he could see no prospect of obtaining adequate funds for either books or administration. It is an interesting commentary on progress in library affairs to note that the library at Yale was then open but five hours daily, was housed in a building practically unheated, and that students desiring to borrow books were required to pay a fee for each volume taken out. It is pleasant to add that, largely through Mr. Gilman's influence, the reforms that as librarian he had been unable to obtain were soon secured.

In the spring of 1866 Mr. Gilman prepared the first annual report of the State Board of Education. Many of the ideas he then advanced, especially regarding the consolidation of small school districts, the care of vicious and backward children, and coöperation between the schools and colleges, though now generally considered necessary, are not yet carried through; indeed, they are often regarded as among the most recent notions in educational development.

Between 1865 and 1872 Mr. Gilman, though devoting himself primarily to the duties of his professorship, gained a wide reputation as a man fitted to be the executive head of a large university. In 1870 he was called to the presidency of the University of Wisconsin, and a few weeks later to that of the University of California. He was also prominently mentioned as the successor of President Woolsey; but for election at his *alma mater* he was too much of a man of the "new education." What would otherwise have been the result, is an interesting but fruitless query.

In 1872 came a second call to the University of California; and now family considerations led him to accept. Space forbids any extended notice of the work done by him during the two years that he held the position. It must, however, be said in passing, that the time was a critical one in the development of the University, and that to President Gilman is due the credit of establishing its entire freedom from the control of party politics in the legislature, and also of securing the fund that has made the Lick Observatory its astronomical department.

With the founding of the Johns Hopkins University, in 1874, Mr. Gilman was elected to the presidency, and charged with the task of its organization and the selection of its faculty. It is worth noting that the Trustees, before making their choice, had sought the advice of the Presidents of Harvard, Cornell, and Michigan, and each of them had immediately named Mr. Gilman as the man best fitted for the position. His wise and tactful administration made the Johns Hopkins foundation the first real American university. To give an adequate description of the influence he exerted in this way would be to write the history of American graduate study, and would include the biographies of many men now prominent in academic work. As a well-known educator recently remarked, no small part of President Gilman's best service was in recognizing young men of extrordinary ability and setting them at research work. In this connection may be mentioned, from a far longer list, the names of Henry A. Rowland, C. R. Lanman, Ira Remson, and Sidney Lanier. The early courses of lectures that the most eminent men in various lines, among them Lowell, Cooley, Walker, and Child, were invited to deliver, also did much to create a university atmosphere. Thus from the very first, through the philosophical faculty that President Gilman gathered around him, the ideals of scholarship and scientific research that characterized the German universities were established for this country.

In laying the foundations of the Medical School at Johns Hopkins, President Gilman also set a standard that, in the words of the present Dean of the School, constitutes "his

second great contribution to the educational development of this country." For various reasons, the Medical School was not established till seventeen years after the University opened its doors. President Gilman had, however, anticipated it from the very beginning, and with the prevision of a great leader had insisted upon a high standard of preparation and professional attainment. At that date no medical school in America demanded even the preparation needed to enter the freshman class of any reputable college. But President Gilman felt that a collegiate degree should be demanded, and that the work leading to it should be chosen with special reference to fitting the candidate for his subsequent professional study. Natural sciences, the modern languages, psychology, and ethics, were, he felt, indispensable subjects; and an attempt was made to provide such a course. What he wanted is well indicated by his sympathy with the jesting suggestion of a friend that the course should lead to the degree of F.S.M. (fit to study medicine). In working toward his ideal, the first biological laboratory in America had been established when the University opened, and Dr. H. Newell Martin (a pupil of Huxley's) and Professor William K. Brooks had been called to the Chairs of Physiology and Morphology. Their teaching attracted to the University many brilliant students whose names are now widely known. In 1884 Dr. William H. Welch was appointed Professor of Pathology, as that seemed to be the next scientific chair demanding an experimental laboratory and yet distinct from the Hospital. The latter was entirely independent of the University and had a distinct Board of Trustees, but Johns Hopkins had expressly demanded that it should ultimately form a part of the Medical School. With the completion of their buildings the trustees of the Hospital proposed to begin the work of medical instruction. To this, President Gilman was unalterably opposed. Such instruction, he felt, should be in intimate relation to the other chairs and faculties of the University. Fortunately his view prevailed, and the two Boards of Trustees united in the appointment of Dr. Osler as chief physician, Dr. Halsted as chief surgeon, and Dr. Kelley as gynæcologist, at the Hospital, each receiving a corresponding title at the University. The Medical School thus constituted was opened in 1893. It was and is a graduate school in the sense that it accepts as students only college graduates. It thus appears that the words of Dean Howell, quoted above, are fully justified by the facts; for though other causes have contributed to raise the standards of medical education in this country, none has been more potent than the high ideal proposed and attained by President Gilman.

Space forbids any further discussion of this most interesting biography. President Gilman's activity in civic affairs, in the work of organized charity, and especially his share in devising and setting in motion the machinery of the Carnegie Foundation, must be passed without mention. But it is not fair to conclude without a brief word concerning the letters that are included in the volume. In them the personal side of Dr. Gilman's life and work is well presented. They show him as a sincere friend, a devoted husband, a considerate and tender father and brother. In his selection of this material Mr. Franklin has shown admirable judgment and taste. Enough, but not too much, is given. The book is interesting, inspiring, and thoroughly satisfactory. It forms a notable contribution to American biography.

LEWIS A. RHOADES.

THE MASTERS OF PROSE IN AMERICA.*

Mr. William C. Brownell's volume on the masters of prose in America is a notable addition to the books of criticism that are not to be lightly glanced at and laid aside. These six essays first saw the light in "Scribner's Magazine," and are now reprinted with slight modifications. Mr. Brownell holds a place of importance among English-speaking critics. His work on the Victorians was discriminating and enlightening; if he did not say the last word on the subject (fortunately no one can), he considerably advanced the discussion. At least the same is true, we think, of the present work.

His method is commendable. He subjects each author to close scrutiny with reference to substance, aim, culture, and style. He detaches himself as carefully as possible; he represses, for the most part, his own feelings; his criticism is the result not of feeling but of conviction. His standards are uncompromisingly high. His conclusions are invariably stated with due modesty; he never suggests the attitude of *ipse dixi*. For him the adjudication of a writer's place or achievement is no easy task.

For Cooper, Mr. Brownell makes large claims, and accords him, relatively, the highest praise of all the writers he considers. Cooper's Indians are ably defended; his women are affirmed to

*AMERICAN PROSE MASTERS: Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, Henry James. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

be, on the whole, well drawn. Incidentally Mr. Brownell severely handles the provinciality of New England in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. No doubt New England was provincial; yet it may be seriously questioned if Cooper's own provinciality was not in some respects nearly as great. Certainly it was not a time of large and catholic views in either politics or religion, in New York or in New England.

In estimating the worth of criticism, the temperament of both the critic and the author criticized must be taken into account. Mr. Brownell disparages Hawthorne more than any of the others. Is he temperamentally fitted to estimate the work of Hawthorne? To recur to our last paragraph, does he understand the New England of which Hawthorne was the flower? Beyond "The Scarlet Letter," he will allow little good in all that Hawthorne wrote. His novels "have not the reality of novels." "The House of the Seven Gables" is, "if not the least characteristic of Hawthorne's larger productions, at least that in which the characters have the slenderest interest, the most shadowy outlines" (p. 370). Not many will concur in this. The "Tales," though original, refined, and elevated, are nevertheless pronounced mediocre (p. 75). "The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" "have only a juvenile appeal." The significance of "The Marble Faun" is "entombed rather than exhibited in its treatment" (p. 86). Finally, Hawthorne "had very little to brood over" (p. 107). We should be disposed to think he had a good deal. Mr. Brownell's theory is that Hawthorne allowed his fancy to develop at the expense of his imagination. This theory may have led its champion to conclusions that will not find general acceptance. Take, for example, "The Marble Faun." Must the failure of this story, so far as it can be said to have failed, be attributed to the play of fancy (*e. g.*, about Donatello's ears) indulged at the expense of the imagination (*e. g.*, as regards the effects of sin upon the three characters)? It seems doubtful.

Equally questionable in some respects is the conclusion about Emerson. It is quite true that Emerson's appeal is primarily to the mind; it is not quite so clear that he "deifies intellect." To quote one or two sentences:

> "His deification of intellect, indeed, inevitably involves a corresponding deficiency in susceptibility, and defective sympathies are accordingly — and were as a matter of fact with him — as characteristic of Emerson's order of moral elevation as is this one enthusiasm to which his susceptibility limited him" (p. 147). . . . "Professor Woodberry . . . maintains that Emerson is essentially religious. I cannot myself see it. Perhaps it is a question of definition, but surely it is an accepted idea that religion is a matter of the heart, and one is confident that no religious or other emotion ever seriously disturbed the placid alternation of systole and diastole in Emerson's" (p. 150).

But is religion so much a matter of the heart *rather* than of the head? We have the authority of a respectable writer that "as a man *thinketh* in his heart, so is he." And when our critic affirms that Emerson's idealism was "as hostile to the essence as to the ecclesiasticism of Christianity" (p. 169), the reply must be that this depends upon what is meant by the essence of Christianity — a meaning which it ought not to be difficult to-day to ascertain.

Of Poe, Mr. Brownell perhaps asks too much. What he seems to ask for is that Poe should have dealt with other materials of life with the same skill with which he handles the gruesome and the horrible. This is as if one were to quarrel with a great painter for not being as great a sculptor. It must, of course, be granted that Poe is sometimes too self-conscious; that too often his attitude is that of the fat boy announcing to his auditors that he is going to make their flesh creep. The fact is, that very frequently Poe *does* this, just as he promised. With regard to Poe's alleged unscrupulousness (p. 223f.), one may admit that he reveals a greater lack of conscience than many others, but need not go to the length of calling him a liar. And when he is mentioned in the same breath with Mandeville and Münchausen (p. 223), the result is, we think, misleading. Even Mandeville was not exactly lying, in the strict sense; he was writing *fiction* for a credulous age. Poe wrote for a different kind of public, and was perfectly well aware of its nature. Finally, in saying that as literature Poe's writings "are essentially valueless" (p. 262), does not our critic champion an extreme view?

In our way of thinking, the chief defect of Mr. Brownell's criticism is a slight lack of sympathy. Does he not now and then fail to consider all the circumstances of intention, environment, the limitations imposed by early training, and the like? The possibility of this, at least, recurs persistently. His style, too, at times lacks lucidity. Two examples of this may be quoted. He has been speaking of Lowell's wide reading and the charge that Lowell lacked scholarship: "Not a scholar! *Le moyen*, as the French say, for such a tremendous bookman not to be" (p. 295). Again, of Hawthorne: "Something seems distinctly left out of his organization — that particular faculty whose function it is to

make the most of its fellows" (p. 97). Admitting that the sense of these passages *can* be made out, one may still affirm that they fall short of Quintilian's ideal, that it shall be impossible to mistake the sense. One finds, moreover, too many French quotations. The English language may be limited; one begins, however, to doubt if its limitations are as pronounced as is implied by so frequently resorting to another speech.

We repeat, however, that Mr. Brownell has made a distinct contribution to the discussion of several matters vitally important for the growth of American literary art. His method is the only safe one, and most of his conclusions will commend themselves to thoughtful readers. In his hands the art of criticism is exemplified as a dignified form of activity, worthy of the ablest minds.

CLARK S. NORTHUP.

RECENT FICTION.*

The conception of human society which is crystallized in the terrible phrase of Hobbes, *homo homini lupus*, is presented with force and conviction by Mr. Robert Herrick in his latest novel, "A Life for a Life." The conception is an inadequete one, and only embittered souls will adopt it as a working formula; but most of us fall at times into the mood which it fits. Certainly the gospel of success, as it is both preached and practiced in our country at the present day, gives much countenance to the view that the chief end of man is to prey upon his fellowman, and that the kind of life commonly held most desirable is to be gained only at the cost of the crushing of weaker lives. That great numbers of men have in view a higher end than this, seeking a life that is not built upon the wrecked happiness of others, we profoundly believe; and the fault of Mr. Herrick's picture is that it is painted in colors too black to be representative of the whole of life. This, it will be remembered, was the conspicuous fault of his treatment of the marriage problem in "Together." But indignation sometimes rises to such a flood as to sweep away all the sober counsels of reason; and it is in this heightened temper that Mr. Herrick has penned his diatribe against the heartless and frenzied commercialism of our time. His method is that of Isben, although he has little of Isben's technical skill, and the idealist, passionate and far from hopeless, may be discovered below the pessimistic surface of his presentation. He is obsessed by the notion that great individual wealth must needs be ill-gotten, in defiance of the moral law; and therein he allies himself with the sensationalists who in the cheap magazines appeal to the meanest passions of their readers. What we now most need in dealing with the ominous problem of plutocracy is a constructive philosophy which shall distinguish between honest and dishonest fortunes, which shall be as zealous in its defence of the former as fierce in its denunciation of the latter, and which shall lead an attack, not upon the institution of private property in general, but upon the forces of privilege and corruption that now work such unquestionable injustice between man and man. Such books as "A Life for a Life," with all their admirable indignation and powerful pleading for a higher morality in the world of affairs, simply play into the hands of the socialists, the realization of whose aims would be the end of all civilization. The machinery of Mr. Herrick's novel is fairly conventional until near the close, when it becomes simply fantastic. His hero, a foundling, grows up in the country, and then comes to the great city to make his way. He wins a measure of success under the patronage of the magnate who gives him a start, and whose daughter he dares to love. But as his eyes become opened to the conditions under which success of this kind is achieved, he determines to renounce all that he has gained — even the love that is his for the asking — and cast in his lot with the people. The climax of the story comes with an earthquake which lays the great city in ruins, and in which the hero gives up his life. The moral is found in this comment of a friend: "To break the circle of ideas that dominate men — that was what Hugh Grant believed must be done. The vicious circle was broken here for thousands by an act of supreme force from without. But it must be done singly, individually, each with himself and those nearest his influence. The great end cannot come through political action, by theory or programme, by any division of the spoils, any readjustment of laws, but only by Will — the individual good will to renounce, working against the evil will to possess." Powerful as this work undoubtedly is, and deserving to be treated with the utmost seriousness, it must nevertheless be urged once more that it is a biased production, and is devoid of any gleam of geniality.

* A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE WILD OLIVE. A Novel. By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper & Brothers.

ROUTLEDGE RIDES ALONE. By Will Levington Comfort. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE WESTERN. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SCAR. A Novel of the New South. By Warrington Dawson. Boston: Small, Maynard, & Co.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

SIMON THE JESTER. By William J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE. By Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BURNING BUSH. A Novel. By M. Little. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

WHIRLPOOLS. A Novel of Modern Poland. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

Mr. Herrick's sympathies are intense but narrow; we hope that in time they will become more comprehensive.

Absolute originality of plot is probably an ideal henceforth unattainable by the writer of fiction, but a refreshing degree of originality is still sometimes achieved, a notable recent example being found in "The Wild Olive," by the author of that rather tricky success of last year, "The Inner Shrine." In his new novel, Mr. Basil King, who now seems to be credited with the authorship, certainly provides us with a fresh and piquant opening. A fugitive from the law, already sentenced to death for murder (of which of course he is innocent), is hunted through the Adirondack wilderness by the officers from whom he has escaped. Hard pressed, he takes refuge in a lonely cottage, which turns out to be the summer home of the judge who had passed sentence upon him. A young woman with Indian blood in her veins (the judge's ward) takes him under her protection, hides him for some weeks in a secluded studio, and arranges for his final escape by way of Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, and a transatlantic steamer. He is provided with money, clothing, and a new name, all of which he takes with him, first to England, then to the Argentine, where he obtains employment, receives rapid promotion, and achieves a successful business career. The closing section of the story brings him back to New York, and at the same time entangles him in a love affair. This confronts him with the moral problem of his assumed name and anomalous legal position. He decides that he must make a clean breast of it and take the consequences, which prove to be the loss of his bethrothed (who is a shallow creature after all), and the realization that his destined companion is no other than the young woman to whom he has all the time been indebted for his new start in life. His name is cleared soon after he has resumed it, and the complication works out to a satisfactory conclusion. It makes a strikingly interesting story, and a much better one than its predecessor.

Mr. Will Levington Comfort pulls the strings of international politics to very lively effect in his stirring romance, "Routledge Rides Alone." It seems that a British officer in India was guilty of an indescretion in his frontier operations a good many years ago, and became responsible for the massacre of a number of Afghans. The matter was hushed up, and the Afghans, ignorant of the offence, remained on friendly terms with the British and continued to serve in their useful capacity as a buffer against Russian aggression. But the facts were at last betrayed to Russia by an Irish newspaper correspondent, whose hatred of England amounted to fanaticism. Then there was much excited consultation in the Foreign Office, and a frantic effort to seek cover; for the revelation meant that Russia would invade India with the connivance of Afghanistan. Nothing but a *coup* would save the desperate situation, and when this was decided upon it took the form of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance which startled the world a few years ago. Thus the war between Japan and Russia was precipitated, and the threatened invasion of India averted. Upon this historical basis, partly real and partly imagined, Mr. Comfort has built an impressive story of love and war, of intrigue and adventure, that has an unusual degree of interest. The hero Routledge is a sort of free lance among correspondents, and his exploits are the wonder of the profession. He is a friend of the Irish traitor, and the lover of Noreen, the Irishman's daughter. Returning to England when excitement over the betrayal runs highest in the secret councils of the Empire, he finds himself accused of the infamous deed, and ostracised by society. Learning that his Irish friend is the one who is really guilty, he rejects the opportunity thus offered to clear his own name, and bears all the burden of obloquy, sustained only by Noreen's unswerving belief in his innocence. Then he disappears, becomes an American correspondent in Manchuria, and wins new professional laurels. He is finally rehabilitated through Noreen's efforts, after her father has made a death-bed confession. This should make a good story, judging from the outline alone; it makes, in fact, one of the best stories of its kind that we have ever read. The comparison with Mr. Kipling's work is inevitable; and Mr. Comfort does not suffer in the comparison. His work is tense, virile, and deeply informed. Moreover, it has a distinctive style, which is as far as possible removed from the banal or commonplace, and may be exemplified by a bit of introspective musing in which the hero indulges. "Which is better, a gaunt, hungry, storm-bitten wanderer, with his face forever at the fire-lit window-panes of civilization, or a creased and cravatted master of little ceremonies within? A citizen of ordered days and nights, or an exile with the windy planet forever roaring in his skull?" The work remains closely in touch with actuality throughout, yet it is shot through with imaginative gleams, and tinged with the mysticism that is justified by its oriental setting. In characterization it is swift and incisive; it has in Routledge a very proper hero, and in Noreen the kind of heroine that it is good to dream about.

They call him "Collars-and-cuffs" because he wears clean linen in a community that affects to despise such evidences of civilization. He is the new superintendent of one of the toughest divisions of a railway in the Southwest. When he starts upon his job, he finds lawlessness and insubordination everywhere, his authority undermined, and his life in constant danger. He has accepted the post with reluctance, because he believes himself to be a coward, having in his consciousness the disheartening memory of a hold-up in which he did not measure up to his own standard of manliness. What makes the matter worse is that his failure to rise to that perilous occasion has discredited him in the eyes of the young woman upon whom he has fixed

his affections. But he is persuaded to test himself once more, and assumes the command of the desperate situation to discover, when the crisis comes, that his cowardice is only superficial, that it is of the panic sort which threatens to overwhelm for a moment but loses its terrors when he gets what he calls his "second wind." Thus he redeems himself after all, in his own eyes and in those of the heroine, who is conveniently present (looking through a crack in the door) at the psychological moment. All of this is related with verve and realism in "The Taming of Red Butte Western," by Mr. Francis Lynde. The book is an acceptable successor to "The King of Arcadia," which acquainted us with a not dissimilar set of conditions and collection of types. Both books have a close grip upon Western life, are condensed in description and natural in dialogue, and bear a sharp message of implied rebuke to all mollycoddles.

An impoverished Virginia plantation is the scene of "The Scar," by Mr. Warrington Dawson. The characters are the widowed owner struggling to keep a roof over the family, her two sons, a few neighbors, and a vain and selfish young woman who first makes a visit and later comes to stay, having infatuated one of the sons and made herself his wife. The time is the present. Out of these materials the author has made a story of moderate interest, photographically true in most matters of detail, but far from successful in its attempt to realize and make consistent all of the leading figures. The best delineation in the book is that of the mother, hardened and embittered by her struggle with poverty, and implacable in her resentment toward the woman whose entrance into the family she considers a bold and designing intrusion. This woman, who becomes morally guilty of her husband's death, is afterwards mated to a man who is almost as wobbly as herself in his moral standards, and the prospect of a hardly deserved happiness faces them at the close. It is a rather depressing book, and its execution falls far short of its artistic intention.

Mr. Oppenheim's novels are so much alike that the same formula will do fairly well for any of them. They are ingenious in plot, swift and varied in action, and are written with the superior air of one who has access to the penetralia of high society and high politics. "The Illustrious Prince" is one of the best of them, and keeps the reader alert. It is a story of international intrigue, and the "Prince" is a secret agent of the Japanese government who is also one of the wiliest of criminals, shrinking from no means that fit his ends. His sojourn in England is for the purpose of advising his government as to the desirability of renewing the English alliance, and his decision turns upon the discovery that the voyage of the American fleet is not the veil of a sinister design to make an attack upon Japan. When he is at last enmeshed in the network of his own crimes, he permits an underling to assume all the guilt (after the approved fashion of Japanese patriotism), and gets off scot-free. He is an engaging rascal, and we do not altogether regret the outcome.

A young woman connected with the circus, a professional *dompteuse* with bronze hair, a seductive voice, and languorous feline grace, ensnares a gilded English youth whose star is rising above the political horizon. She has a shady French husband somewhere adrift in the world, but does not think it worth while to mention the fact. Her victim is a nice boy, brought up according to the strictest prin ciples by a sternly virtuous mother, who is naturally horrified when she learns that her son has succumbed to the wiles of the enchantress. The youth is secretary to Simon de Gex, M.P., and to the latter the mother turns for help in her perplexity. Simon consents to interview the siren, and thus we have prepared for us at the outset all the elements needed for a pathetic story of the Camille-Sapho-Zaza type. The story is called "Simon the Jester," but its author, Mr. William J. Locke, is more of a jester than his hero, and gives the situation a whimsical twist which has some startling consequences. Simon is in a peculiar fix. He has a "pain inside" which the physicians have diagnosed as the sign of a fatal disease, and he has been given six months, more or less, to live. His problem is to decide how to conduct himself during this short shrift, in order that he may make a self-respecting and dignified exit from the stage. Taking a hint from Marcus Aurelius, he decides to devote his remaining days to the cultivation of "eumoiriety," which means "the quintessence of happy-fatedness dealt unto oneself by a perfect altruism." The appeal made by the boy's mother fits very well with this plan of deliberate altruism, and so he makes the acquaintance of Lola Brandt with the most disinterested of intentions. But fate plays him the trick of substituting a new victim for the old one, and the young woman soon makes it evident that she has transferred her affections to her altruistic visitor. At this point, in order that the story may proceed without unduly ruffling our emotions, we are made to understand that we have been wholly mistaken in the young woman, who is no mercenary adventuress, but a very pattern of all the virtues and a paragon of womanly loveliness. This is a pretty predicament for Simon de Gex, M.P., with six months, more or less, to live. He has already cut himself off from political life, and squandered most of his fortune to help a distressed friend — all in his pursuit of eumoiriety. Now it becomes his hard task to respect the conventions, suppress his personal feelings, and reunite Lola with her lost husband. The scene then changes to Algiers, where the husband is discovered, more disreputable than the wildest imaginings had pictured him; but he is neatly despatched by the avenging blade of a queer Greek dwarf, an exhibitor of trained cats, whose devotion to Lola is of the fanatic sort. Then Simon falls into the hands of a French surgeon, who performs upon him a miraculous operation, with the result that the menace to his

life is removed, and he is restored to the prospect of rounding out a normal existence. He returns to England, but is almost penniless as the consequence of his eumoirous proclivities, and, being preceded by the scandal of the taking-off of the undesirable husband and the magnified tale of his reputed relations with the widow, finds himself ostracised. But Lola is faithful to him, and his love for her triumphs over all obstacles — even over the difficulty offered by the mutilation of her face at the claws of an enraged cat (the Greek dwarf's legacy). He marries Lola, goes in for settlement work, and presumably lives happily ever after. This truly delightful tale is by no means represented by such a summary as we have attempted; its chief charm is found, not in its invention, but in its quiet humor and deft allusiveness. It provides a worthy successor for "Septimus" and "The Beloved Vagabond," and "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."

"The Street of Adventure," by Mr. Philip Gibbs, is a tale of Fleet Street — which is another way of saying that it is a tale of the life of the London journalist. It begins with an account of how the hero seeks and finds a job on "The Star" (called "The Rag" by its familiars), proceeds with the narrative of his reportorial trials and triumphs, and ends — "not nicely finished off, with wedding bells in the last line, as all good stories should" — but in abrupt and inconclusive fashion, although the wedding bells are at least a possibility of the future. It is a very human and natural and intimate story, brightened by quiet humor and softened by tender sentiment, — a story of varied and picturesque incident, and no plot worth mentioning. The staff of "The Star" constitute an interesting family of distinctive personalities, and we get an effect closely akin to tragedy when the group is broken up as the owner's willingness to "put up" ceases and the paper ends its existence. The atmosphere of London journalism seems to be sufficiently like that of its American counterpart to make the book, even in its slighter humors and accidents, easily intelligible to American readers.

Another story which has no plot to speak of, but is packed with interesting incidents, and is clearly a direct transcript of life, is Mr. M. Little's "At the Sign of the Burning Bush." It is a story of three Scotch divinity students, their struggles and vicissitudes, their successes and failures. They are characterized for us in very lifelike fashion, and we are given a truly photographic picture of their existence at the various stages of their careers — a picture from which no detail is thought too petty for exclusion. It is a humdrum and uneventful sort of life with which the book acquaints us, but of its essential truthfulness we are never in any doubt. If the young men with whose professional fortunes we are here concerned do not answer to our preconceived and conventional idea of what Scotch ministers are like, they are at least authentic examples of humankind, as are also the women folk with whom they are associated by the ties of blood or friendship. But if the tone of present-day ecclesiastical circles in Scotland be fairly represented in this work, the modern departure from its traditional zeal and austerity is certainly surprising.

After a long silence, Mr. Henryk Sienkiewicz gives us "Whirlpools," a novel of contemporary Poland, added to the group which already includes "Without Dogma" and "The Children of the Soil." Unfortunately, the tried translator of his other novels is dead, and the new work has fallen into the hands of a literary journeyman whose intentions may be of the best, but whose performance is stiff and ungainly. The translator's only idea of dealing with an idiomatic or picturesque phrase is to put it into bald and literal English, leaving the reader to puzzle out the meaning as best he may. Aside from this handicap, the new work presents itself to us as a rather labored effort to give organic shape to a great mass of undigested material. It has to do with the socialistic and agrarian unrest of the present time, and the confusion of unbalanced counsels among the men who should be the leaders of the race. The author himself does not seem to have a definite programme or an orderly system of ideas; and this, at least, is to be expected from one who is as bitterly satirical and as destructively critical as he. His hero is a weak but generous-hearted aristocrat who in his boyhood had seduced a peasant girl upon his estate. The girl reappears many years after, having lived for a long time in England, where she has been adopted by a wealthy man of affairs. She is now a highly educated woman and a considerable heiress, and her betrayer meets her as a new acquaintance, having no idea that he has ever seen her before. Her charm captivates him, and he becomes her declared lover, only to be confronted with the revelation of her past. For a time he is dazed, for such a marriage would be a serious business in that society of caste and prejudice; but his love is such that he still resolves to take the step. But the woman is too proud to accept the alliance if he is to make any mental reservations; he fails in the test, through his inherent weakness of character. So the story ends dismally enough, and the close is made even gloomier by the accidental death of a young girl who is a sort of secondary heroine — a bright and beautiful creature who falls an accidental victim to mob violence. The philosopher who, like a Greek chorus, comments upon the whole tragic perplexity, thus voices the message of the work: "Whirlpools! — and of sand! Sand is burying the whole of Poland and transforming her into a wilderness, in which jackals live. If this is so, then it would be best to put a bullet in the head." But yet "She lives in every one of us, in all of us together, and will survive all the whirlpools in the world. And we will set our teeth and will continue to suffer for Thee, Mother, and we — and if God so wills it — and our children and grandchildren will not renounce neither Thee nor hope." With this faintly qualified outburst of pessimism the story ends.

William Morton Payne.

Briefs on New Books.

Rock gardens and flower pools.

Fervently as English gardeners may bless the memory of the late F. W. Meyer for setting forth the possibilities of "Rock and Water Gardens" so sensibly and alluringly, Americans will find in his book far greater reasons for according him their gratitude, since on this side of the Atlantic almost nothing has been done in the field he chose for his own. A sincere student of nature in her more artistic aspects, with a knowledge of soils and stones equalled by his knowledge of the needs of the infinite variety of plants that have an affinity for rocky or watery places, Mr. Meyer studied out the best possible way of bringing these together so as to make art forget itself and nature seem supreme. With great care and patience he has shown us how a rock-garden or a water-garden, or a combination of the two, should be planned and built in a manner to convert the barren horrors of an ordinary "rockery," or a pool, into a congenial home for a vast number of beautiful and interesting plants. A stretch of old retaining-wall of stone was his delight, and reach a of time-worn brick-work meant such opportunity as he loved; but lacking these, he told us, cheerfully enough, how to go to work with new stones and fresh-burned brick to lay walls that shall vie with those in interest. The American gardener is always seriously handicapped by the climate of our arid summers, our late and inconstant springs, and our early frosts; and for him there is no "Heath Garden" such as is described in the chapter added by Mr. Dallimore of the Royal Gardens at Kew. Otherwise there is much in this charming volume to stimulate and encourage plant-growers in this country. It is published in the attractive "Country-Life Library" of Messrs. Scribner's Sons.

A handbook of English Cathedrals.

Comparatively few readers or tourists have very clear ideas of what constitutes a Cathedral church in England, or what reasons there may be for the existence of the ecclesiastical establishments thus designated. Miss Helen Marshall Pratt anticipates the publication of a promised series of monographs, and in a comprehensive volume of less than six hundred pages gives an admirable guide-book to "The Cathedral Churches of England" (Duffield), valuable not only to those who are fortunate enough to take it in hand and visit the various Cathedral towns, but also to the many who must travel abroad in library chairs. A proper sense of proportion and a systematic arrangement characterize the book. All the Cathedral churches of England are not of like interest. A page each suffices to record all that need be said of the Cathedrals of the modern sees of Truro, Wakefield, Birmingham, and Manchester; and as Westminster Abby was a Cathedral for ten years only in the middle of the sixteenth century (a fact usually overlooked by writers) it receives no attention whatever. The introductory chapters give much information in condensed form about the Cathedral establishment and officers, the Cathedral fabric, architectural styles, stained glass, and practical suggestions; and the thirty-two Cathedrals are separately treated in the alphabetical order of the Cathedral towns. St. Paul's Cathedral under this arrangement is treated in its proper place as the Cathedral church of the see of London. The classification of the Cathedrals into those of the Old Foundation, of the New Foundation, and of the Modern Foundation, is the best that could be made. The book gives useful and interesting lessons in ecclesiastical and architectural history and church polity. The popular glossary furnishes a further fund of architectural and antiquarian lore.

"The Gospel and the Modern Man."

The many readers of Professor Shailer Mathews will probably agree that this is his most interesting and helpful book. It has more than a transient value, but it is eminently timely. It is a sound piece of Christian apologetic, positive, practical, persuasive. Its pages are not strewn with theological compost or littered with the dry bones of Gospel criticism, but the reader is impressed constantly with the fact that behind every statement there lies not only a serious purpose but an adequate scholastic equipment. These affirmations respecting the paramount value of religion, the permanent importance of the gospels, and the supreme significance of Jesus,—all these declarations carry the implications of mature reflection and mastery of the topics discussed. This is a strong, sane book, which ought to be widely read. The author faces the difficulties of our modern situation with clear insight and perfect frankness; and he shows with literary skill and convincing logic that while some old notions must be abandoned, the essential facts and forces of historical Christianity not only remain untouched by destructive criticism but issue from this searching examination with increased beauty and power. Of the ten chapters, those on "Jesus the Christ" and "The Power of the Social Gospel" are peculiarly attractive and helpful. (Macmillan).

The father of scientific socialism.

Professor Werner Sombart, the eminent Berlin sociologist is quoted as saying that Karl Marx has "drawn a great deal of strength from the fact that he has so frequently been misunderstood." Just in what degree wrong inferences from his teaching have strengthened him, may be an open question; but there is no question that both his followers and his enemies contradict each other amazingly as to fundamental points of his doctrine. Under the circumstances, Mr. Spargo's admirably lucid, direct, and unimpassioned life of Marx (B. W. Huebsch) is helpful to those who already have some knowledge of the father of scientific socialism, although it is at the same time sufficiently elementary to serve as a starting-point for a study of the great German's doctrines and work. Mr. Spargo is a socialist, but

he is not a fanatic, and his book is a frank picture of an irascible, frequently intolerant, and sometimes unfair propagandist, but a fundamentally honest and devoted reformer, whose work, though full of errors and inconsistencies, nevertheless compassed the organization of "the greatest political movement in history." If Marx contradicted himself, he did so, we are told, because he was constantly reaching new and broader points of view, as every progressive thinker must do; if some of his contentions have been disproved and some of his prophecies have failed, the class-struggle is moving toward a crisis substantially as he foresaw it, and there is at least a possibility of the triumph of the coöperative movement which he so confidently predicted. The volume is more than a socialistic appeal, it is a carefully-made contribution to biographical literature, an appreciation of the work of a man who was a poet before he was a philosopher, and a pathetic account of a life of heroism and suffering which was closely linked to other beautiful lives. A chapter devoted to a detailed analysis of "The Communist Manifesto," another handling the epoch-making treatise on "Capital," and a final chapter entitled "His Achievements," make up the philosophical part of the volume, and form an adequate statement of Marxian doctrine and influence.

Exemplars of poetic energy.

It is an odd combination of poets that Professor Woodberry has brought together as exemplifications of poetic energy in his volume on "The Inspiration of Poetry" (Macmillan). Three English—Marlowe, Gray, and Byron; one Portuguese—Camoens; one Italian—Tasso; and one Latin—Lucretius, each displays some phase of emotion. Marlowe's emotion was "an aspiration of all the faculties, the individual making out toward the infinite in all ways," since he was a true child of the Renaissance in its yearning for the impossible. Gray, who on the whole is treated rather apologetically, displayed the emotion of those who saw the new light of the romantic movement, for he discovered the romance of primitive literature and felt the love of wild and majestic scenery; there may not be much poetic madness in the "Elegy," but there is in "The Bard." Byron's passion burst forth in his practical enthusiasm for political liberty, so that he became for England the voice of the French Revolution; his poetic energy lay there much more than in his personal discovery of the romance of the Orient and of the sentiment of history in landscape. Camoens saw the world in the sixteenth century, when Portugal was penetrating every sea, and thus became the "poet of world-discovery." Tasso, who lived during the Catholic Reaction and does not therefore represent in Italy a time of pulsing passion, wrote a poem which is marked by emotion divorced from action, mere feeling. "In his poetry," says Professor Woodberry, "art is seen on the way to music"; and this being so, Tasso is not, we should say, a good illustration poetic energy marking an emotional upheaval of the race. To speak of him as "the forerunner and prophet of the age of music soon to dawn after him" is to confuse the functions of the poet and the musician. "Lucretius stood in the dawn of scientific reason," and he conceived of his subject in terms of poetry; he had a consuming passion for truth, and a heart pledged to the service of his race. To say with Professor Woodberry that of the above poets "each represented some mood of the world at a culminating point, and with intensity," exceeds our courage; but we can say that they display poetic energy with an intensity born of their genius and their time.

Memories and musings of a vagabond poet.

Poet, dreamer, mystic, seer of visions, philosopher, vagabond, and artist to his finger-tips, Mr. O'Dermid W. Lawler (if that be his real name) presents in autobiographical form a strange and engrossing record of things experienced and imagined during a lifetime outwardly obscure and even commonplace, but lived with an intensity and fashioned with an artistic touch that make it a thing curiously attractive if not wonderful to contemplate. "East London Visions" (Longmans) is the book's title, and the characters introduced and scenes depicted are of the humble sort, but all infused with life and reality by the narrator's magic skill. Although a sentence in the preface explains that "the significance of the story with its visions as here printed will . . . best be understood when it is considered as an Essay in Values, an attempt to show the supremacy of the Christian Religion, though not as commonly understood," nevertheless the tone of the book is by no means didactic or homiletic; the purpose is far from being tiresomely in evidence. The Celtic strain in the narrator's composition, derived from a father who is depicted as a character of extraordinary force and originality, accounts for much of the peculiar pathos and humor in the book. Let a fragmentary specimen of the author's style be here introduced. Recalling his childhood days he writes: "Boys then had advantages: there was no electric light. Candles and rushlights revealed immeasureable values in interiors, faces, forms, which the electric light kills. The candles had smouldering wicks. You could blow them out, and then blow them in again. The old nurse Grigsum frequently did it, in the intervals of her boisterous fairy stories." Further chapters from this same oddly interesting life are half promised. As a happy blend of fact and fiction, poetry and philosophy, romance and realism, the book possesses unusual attractions.

New volumes of Broughton's Recollections.

Lady Dorchester continues the memoirs of her father (Lord Broughton) in a third and fourth volume of his "Recollections of a Long Life" (the first two volumes of which were reviewed in THE DIAL of Sept. 16, 1909), bringing the work down from 1822 to 1834. In these years Lord Broughton's interests and activities had chiefly to do with home politics,

and especially with the series of events culminating in Roman Catholic emancipation (1829) and the Reform Bill of 1832. Together with affairs of church and state, social happenings and the doings and sayings of noted contemporaries claim much of his lordship's attention; and an appendix gives his account of "The Destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs," and also a letter (now first published) from Count Pietro Gamba to Mrs. Leigh, containing full details of Byron's last illness and his death. As in the first two volumes, the Diary and the privately-printed "Recollections" are alternately drawn upon to make up the record. As Lord Broughton lived to the age of eighty-three (dying in 1869), and as the volumes now issued close with the year 1834, there still remains a goodly portion of reminiscent matter to publish, should there be a call for it. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

BRIEFER MENTION.

To collect cosmogenetic myths of Indian tribes who have not advanced so far in civilization as to lose their memory of the folk tales of their race, is a fascinating pursuit of the scientist, to which Dr. Clinton Hart Merriam has yielded — with the result that we have, added to his innumerable books and papers on zoölogical and botanical subjects, "The Dawn of the World" (A. H. Clark Co.), a collection of "Myths and Weird Tales told by the Merwan Indians of California." The primary purpose of the book is to present these stories as a contribution to scientific ethnological and mythological knowledge and folklore. But a popular character is given to the tales; and the illustrations furnished by distinguished artists, some of them in color, make the presentation especially rich and interesting.

The new edition of "Who's Who in America" for 1910–1911, edited by Albert Nelson Marquis and published by Messrs. A. N. Marquis & Co., is now at hand. This edition may be said to mark the tenth anniversary of the founding of this invaluable publication, the first volume having been issued in 1899; and it is interesting to note that, starting with 870 pages, the work has grown until it now contains 2,648 pages, or nearly three times the original number. In his preface the editor states that the labor pertaining to the preparation of this edition for the press has been much greater than for that of any previous one, owing to the fact that practically every sketch has been rewritten since the 1908–9 issue. Much new material has been added, making in all a total of 17,546 sketches, of which 2,831 are entirely new.

It is not easy to see just what purpose is served by Mr. Milton Bronner's book on Maurice Hewlett (John W. Luce & Co.). A meagre biography, bald summaries of certain stories, and commonplace remarks on each published work, make up the volume. Mr. Hewlett's works are not so difficult of assimilation that they require to be done up in predigested tablets for the benefit of intellectual dyspeptics. Anyone who does not feel more comfortable after reading one of Mr. Hewlett's charming stories than after going through Mr. Bronner's book about them had better consult a specialist. Books on books are worth while only when they add to the reader's intelligent comprehension of the books criticised or drive him with enthusiasm to read and study them himself. The thin criticism and the fulsome praise of this volume have produced, it seems to us, exactly the opposite effect.

NOTES.

"The English Moral Plays," by Dr. Elbert N. S. Thompson, is a monograph published under the auspices of Yale University as an issue in the series of "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences."

"Writings on American History," compiled for the year 1908 by Miss Grace Gardner Griffin, is the third annual volume in the important bibliographical series to which it belongs. It bears the imprint of the Macmillan Co.

A new volume in the "University Studies" issued from the institution at Urbana is provided by Dr. Louis John Paetow's study of "The Arts Course at Mediæval Universities, with Special Reference to Grammar and Rhetoric."

"An Explorer's Adventures in Tibet," by Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor, is a retelling for young readers of the story of the author's famous journey made in 1897. The book has many pictures, and is published by the Messrs. Harper.

Professor Walter Raleigh's introduction to the 1905 edition of Hakluyt (MacLehose) is now reprinted in a volume by itself under the title of "The English Voyages of the Sixteenth Century." It is a brilliant esssay, well deserving of this separate publication.

Richard Wagner's polemical essay on "Judaism in Music," both the original of 1850 and the supplement of 1869, is translated into English, with introduction and notes, by Mr. Edwin Evans, and the book is imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The "Physical and Commercial Geography" which has resulted from the collaborative efforts of Professor Herbert E. Gregory, Albert G. Keller, and Avard L. Bishop, all three members of the Yale faculty, is a short volume of text (with a few illustrations) designed for the use of college students. Messrs. Ginn & Co. are the publishers.

An interesting little book published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. for the International School of Peace gives us a translation of "The Great Design of Henry IV." from Salby's memoirs, and Edward Everett Hale's essay on "The United States of Europe," written in 1871 for "Old and New." The volume is edited by Mr. Edwin D. Mead, who contributes a historical introduction.

Dr. Lewis Henry Haney's "Congressional History of Railways in the United States to 1850" was published two years ago as a doctoral thesis by the University of Wisconsin. The author has since continued the work to cover the period 1850–1887, and the second volume, even bulkier than the first, is now published by the University. The two sections together constitute a monograph of over six hundred pages.

In commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the "Harvard Monthly," it has been thought wise to illustrate the literary quality of that example of college journalism by publishing a volume of "Selected Poems" that first appeared when their authors were undergraduates. Thirty-six writers are represented, among

them the well-known names of Mr. George Santayana, Mr. Bliss Carman, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mr. William Vaughn Moody, Mr. Philip Henry Savage, Mr. Joseph Trumbull Stickney, and others almost as familiar to the general reader. We doubt very much if any other of our universities could make such a showing as this.

Two briefly annotated and otherwise commendable book-lists have recently been issued by the Seattle Public Library, — one of them being "A List of Books for Teachers in the Seattle Public Library" (the books, not the teachers, are there to be found, we infer); the other, "A Brief Descriptive List of Books with Suggested Outline of Study" on the subject of the "Pacific Northwest." These lists were prepared by members of the library staff.

Dr. William J. Rolfe, a distinguished educator and Shakespearian scholar, died at Tisbury, Mass., July 7, at the age of eighty-three. He was born in Massachusetts, was educated at Amherst College, and spent the most of his life in his native State, mainly at Cambridge. He was a teacher in his earlier years, and was the first, it is said, to introduce the systematic teaching of English literature in the schools of this country — a work for which he deserves lasting commemoration. He edited, with critical notes, many editions of standard English works — among them an edition of Shakespeare in forty volumes, which are said to have had an enormous sale. The list of publications to his credit make an extensive catalogue. Dr. Rolfe wrote much on literary and critical topics, and was an always welcome contributor to THE DIAL.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[*The following list, containing 54 titles, includes books received by* THE DIAL *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

An American Citizen: The Life of William Henry Baldwin, Jr. By John Graham Brooks. With portrait in photogravure, 12mo, 341 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Princess Helene von Racowitza: An Autobiography. Translated by Cecil Mar. With portrait in photogravure, large 8vo, 421 pages. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Astir: A Publisher's Life-Story. By John Adams Thayer. 12mo, 302 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.20 net.

HISTORY.

A History of English Versification. By Jacob Schipper, Ph.D. 8vo, 390 pages. Oxford University Press. $2.90 net.

Europe Since 1815. By Charles Downer Hazen. With maps, large 8vo, 820 pages. "American Historical Series." Macmillan Co. $3. net.

St. Nicotine of the Peace Pipe. By Edward Vincent Heward. Illustrated, 12mo, 297 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Sea-Power, and Other Studies. By Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B. 12mo, 311 pages. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

History of the Great American Fortunes. By Gustavus Myers. Volume III., with portraits, 8vo, 413 pages. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. $1.50.

History of Reconstruction in Louisiana. By John Rose Fickien. Large 8vo, 234 pages. "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science." Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. Paper.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Gathered Leaves from the Prose of Mary E. Coleridge. With memoir by Edith Sichel. With portrait in photogravure, large 8vo, 328 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

Mark Twain's Speeches. With introduction by William Dean Howells. With portrait, 8vo, 433 pages. Harper & Brothers. $2. net.

Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian Manuscripts. Edited by A. H. Koszul. 16mo, 148 pages. "Oxford Library of Prose and Verse." Oxford University Press.

The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. By Henry A. Beers. New and enlarged edition; illustrated, 16mo, 394 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $1.20 net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

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Works of George Meredith. Memorial Edition. New volumes: The Egotist. Each illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. Charles Scribner's Sons. (Sold only in sets by subscription.)

Works of Anatole France. Edited by Frederic Chapman. New volume: The Elm-Tree on the Mall, translated by M. P. Willcock. Large 8vo, 237 pages. John Lane Co. $2.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

The Knights of Aristophanes. Edited and translated, with introduction, by Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A. Large 8vo, 246 pages. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

English Poems. Edited, with notes, by Walter C. Bronson. 8vo, 424 pages. University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

Original Poems, Ballads, and Tales in Verse for Reading and Reciting. With frontispiece in photogravure, 8vo, 260 pages. London: Stanley Paul & Co.

FICTION.

Erewhon; or, Over the Range. By Samuel Butler. New edition; 12mo, 233 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

Erewhon Revisited Twenty Years Later. By Samuel Butler. 12mo, 337 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

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BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books and Articles on United States and Canadian History published during the year 1908. By Grace Gardner Griffin. Large 8vo, 174 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

A New Shakespearean Dictionary. By Richard John Cuniffe, M.A. Large 8vo, 342 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Stocks and the Stock Market: The Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Edited by Emory R. Johnson. Large 8vo, 264 pages. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science. Paper.

Journal of the Society which Conducts The Monthly Anthology and Boston Review. With introduction by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. With frontispiece, large 8vo, 344 pages. Boston Athenæum.

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